

# Freckles and Glasses

HelloWprl

## Freckles and Glasses by HelloWprl

**Category:** IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** A couple of years later, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Alternate Universe - High School, Alternate Universe - just honestly completely different dudes, Anger Management, Beverly and Richie friendship is ultimate, Bi Richie, Bill is pack mum, Enemies to Friends to Lovers, F/M, Gay Eddie, Georgie is alive, Internalised Homophobia, Kinda, M/M, Might have Stenbrough, Pigtail Pulling, Strangers to Lovers, and seniors, because i can't deal with that, becuae he be cute, but they become besties, eddie and richie arent friends, eddie is smol but can fuck you up, honestly idk rn, hopefully funny, ish, more like, music shit, no pennywise, pastel eddie, penny scared me for life, punk richie, richie just wants love, set in like the 90s, they be 16 in this, they don't know each other, uhhh, who knows - Freeform

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Beverly Marsh and Richie Tozier, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Georgie Denbrough, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, The Losers Club (IT), and others - Character

**Relationships:** Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough/Stamley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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**Summary:**

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Who the fuck played music in the library?

## **Freckles and Glasses**

### **Author's Note:**

Hey all - so this is my first fic that I'll be posting online. Whoop!

Anyhow, I don't really know where this is going. I was just listening to the IT (2017) movie soundtrack and BAM this happened. Hope you enjoy it - I'll update as soon as possible babes.

Eddie's pen flew off his page, leaving a horrid blue mark slashing through his otherwise flawless Biology notes as the sound of a steady drumbeat, a cool guitar riff and pumping bass line blasted from somewhere behind the library shelves.

"Fucking hell," the teen grumbled. He had always been particular about his belongings; preferring to keep them neat and organised as not to increase the risks of damage – mainly because he didn't want to hurt himself or get anything funny on them that could make him sick. That was a true nightmare for him.

While Eddie wasn't as dedicated to perfection as his close friend Stanley Uris was, seeing the jagged blue line ruining his organised notes and hearing Ian Astbury's rough alto voice belt about love and other post-punk things, anger bubbled in his chest. It had taken a long time to convince his Mum to let him go out and study at the Derry Public Library rather than his "safe" bedroom (it was more like a prison – he hadn't felt safe there since he was twelve and realised his Mum was feeding him... gazebos – no – placebos... to keep him trapped with him forever). Eddie would not allow some fuckwit to ruin this study session. The seventeen-year-old was taking AP Bio and their test on Monday accounted for 32% of their final mark (absolute bullshit if you listened to Beverly Marsh, a delinquent whom, even now, was a mystery to Eddie despite being in the same AP classes – he could never understand how a girl like her could be... smart?). He needed to focus and that wasn't going to happen in his home with his Ma breathing down his neck.

With another angry grunt, Eddie forcefully shoved the lids on his

three pens – red, black and blue – stretching a worn rubber band around the stationary before gently sliding them into the front pocket of his backpack. Within easy reach in case of an emergency - you never know what could happen to you in a place like Derry.

His Biology textbook and notes were sorted into folders and, like the pens, cautiously positioned inside the greying bag. Swinging it onto his shoulders, Eddie's glare focused on the bookshelves in the general direction the music was playing from.

Who the *fuck* played music in the library?

While Eddie had been working on recognising his anxiety and working through it, he still needed to carry his old inhaler around with him – it was more for comfort or security than anything. He hadn't really used it since the Summer of '89 when he could finally comprehend what his Ma had been doing to him. But despite all his changes, Eddie still used it to calm himself down – whether it was because he was letting his anger reach dangerous levels or he had worked himself up into a panic from honestly everything.

Running his fingers over the inhaler still hidden within his fanny bag, Eddie took a deep breath and counted to three, imagining his anger evaporating off his body like steam – floating out through the opened windows of the library and into the scorching spring day. It was almost summer, school was ending soon and Eddie along with the entire school could feel the anticipation pumping through their veins.

Determination clasped the boy and with steady steps, he walked down the rows of books – squinted eyes seeking out his target.

*There.*

Spread out in the middle of the staircase leading downstairs to older, dustier, heavier books was motherfucking Richie “*Trashmouth*” Tozier.

Figures.

The other teen was tapping his foot along to the beat of *The Cult's* hit, *Love Removal Machine*, playing beside his head, which was resting on

another concrete step. A damaged burgundy transistor radio sat beside him on the same step, playing at a volume which Eddie swore would leave the other boy with serious ear damage. The wanker was wearing an old leather jacket, sleeves rolled up due to the heat and slightly too large on his lanky frame. It was the same jacket he had constantly been wearing since the Summer of 89'. Eddie had never really spoken to the guy but when someone rocked up to Freshman year when it was still too hot to wear something other than a t-shirt and shorts they stood out a bit. Plus, Tozier was infamous thanks to his horrible trash mouth and shitty sense of crude humour.

Eddie had been subjected to it over the past year when the other teen would meet his best friend, Beverly, at the door to their Biology class.

Suddenly the guitar solo starts playing and Richie rocks forwards, joining in on a mimed air guitar. Eddie's heart softens a little, he had never really seen this dorky side of Richie Tozier – he couldn't help but confess that the other boy looked really... cute (in the same way as baby ducklings and a cuddly Georgie).

Catching his drifting thoughts, Eddie quickly remembers his goal – interrupting Richie as the teen began softly singing (he had a surprisingly nice voice, deep and soft, Eddie thought).

“Hey, you can't play that in here!”

Richie jolted, somehow managing to stumble down a couple of steps despite being seated. Eddie thinks it should be considered an accomplishment as he watches the other boy spaz and then curls in on himself in laughter, clapping his hands in joy, looking like one of those show seals they have at theme parks. “Holy fuck, Eds, give a man a little warning.”

“Don't call me that, Tozier.” Eddie clenches his fists, “And you can't play that in here - it's distracting. This is a public library dickface, people are trying to study here.”

“Study? It doesn't look like you're studying, sweet cheeks,” the boy readjusts his clunky glasses, slipping into an Italian mob-boss voice, something he had been working on for a while now. “Why don't you come with me and we can-” he stops, clearing looking Eddie up and

down, "*study*."

Eddie felt his face light up in flames and Richie once again bursts into laughter, little breathy gasps escaping his lips as he giggles. "F-fuck you!" Eddie stammers, feeling like poor Billy - his best friend had it hard.

"That was the plan."

Richie leans against the staircase railing, his foot slightly bumping against his forgotten radio, taking in the smaller boy. Eddie was practically shaking in anger, fists clenching and unclenching, his face was flushed (Richie wasn't entirely sure if it was due to his innuendos or the kid's anger - probably both). He looked surprisingly adorable, Richie thought. Eyes wide on glittering, lips pursed, making little grumbling sounds and breathy sighs.

The larger teen couldn't stop annoying poor Eddie Kaspbrak, it was much too fun. He had the best reactions. And while Richie knew that he shouldn't push too hard (everyone in Derry had heard about what had happened to Stephan Greenberg after taking the shorter boy's asthma inhaler - Mr. and Mrs. Greenberg had even threatened to sue Eddie's Mum when their son came home with a whopping black eye) but without Beverley here to control him it was up to Richie to manage the situation. Like a mature almost-adult. Hah. Ridiculous, right.

"So..." he begins, "what brings you to my side of town?"

"This is a public library jackass. *Public*. And your fucking music is too loud, why are you even here?"

"Ouchie, Eds-" Richie draws a hand to his chest, melodramatically reenacting an epic heartbreak - Eddie had always thought the other boy should take up acting, it would be a much healthier way to express his hyperactivity (and creativity).

(Eddie wouldn't mind watching Richie perform.)

"It's Eddie-" he cuts in, interrupting Richie.

"Eddie Spaghetti -" Richie corrects himself, leaving Eddie fuming. "I

thought this was a *public* library? You know, open to all members of the community."

"Oh, you're so full of shit." Eddie shakes his head, laughing sarcastically, almost as if he's over everything. Richie can't help the way a little part of him swoons at the boy's irritation. He looked so cute and small and grumpy. This was pigtail pulling at its finest - Richie had never really outgrown his childishness, even while on the cusp of adulthood.

With another loud gasp, Richie clenches his heart again, beginning to pace, face looking distraught. "And now you're making fun of medical conditions, wow, I think I'll need to talk to your Mum tonight when we catch up to -" "Shut up, Tozier!"

Richie drew his hands to his mouth, muffling a smile and choked giggles and Eddie panted heavily. He stuck one hand into the pocket of his fanny pack to feel his inhaler, to try and calm himself down, but it wasn't working. Eddie Kaspbrak was too worked up, practically seeing red. He absolutely hated Richie Tozier.

Suddenly both boys froze as the click-clack of heels echoed throughout the library's staircase.

Mrs. Thompson, the librarian, turned the corner and assessed the scene.

The radio was still playing.